Your welcome to *Sandall* in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to beſiedge vs.
Sir *Iohn*. Shee ſhall not neede my Lorde, weele meete
her in the field.
York. What with fiue thouſand ſouldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what ſhould you feare?
York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
In *Normandie*, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of
Rutland and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtell,
And flie to *Wakefield* ſtraight.
Enter *Clifford*.
Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh ſaue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplein.
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And

And ſo he walkes inſulting ouer his praie,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limmes in ſunder,
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy wordes ſhoulde
enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a
Man, and *Clifford* cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould *I* dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my hart.
The ſight of anie of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till *I* root out that curſſed line
And leaue not one on earth, *I*le liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before *I* take my death,
To thee *I* praie: Sweet *Clifford* pittie me.
Clif. *I*, ſuch pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. *I* neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill
mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere *I* was borne:
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pittie me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,

Hee